

Boozy in Barnes.

He was boozy in Barnes
And spinning yarns
About a curly wurly girly
He was pissed up with in Purley
But he didn't name no names
And he didn't mean no harm

He allowed himself a little celebration
By lowering a lager back in Leyton.
He was headed for extinction
Via complete obliteration,
With determined desperation,
Hoping for some admiration.

He was woozy when wandering in Worthing,
Less walking and talking
Than staggering and slurring,
By the time he got to Staines
He'd achieved his final aim,
He'd done it once again,
He was smashed without a brain.

He's in commerce, a traveller,
Professional reveller
Hard drinking
Pint sinking
Makes life worth living for
When you live alone
It's hard to go home
Better off a reveller
Than a lonely bachelor.

